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One World; One Washington:

THE ORATION,

IN THE

CITY HALL, BURLINGTON, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY, 1859;

BY REQUEST OF

THE LADY MANAGERS

OF THE

MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION,

AND

MANY CITIZENS OF BURLINGTON:

BY

THE RT. REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D., LL.D.,

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY.

"Ergo, magisque magisque, viri, nunc, gloria claret."—*Ennius.*

BURLINGTON, N. J.:

PUBLISHED FOR THE LADIES' MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.

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KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, PHILADELPHIA:

Burlington, February 7, 1859.

Bishop Doane,

Dear Sir:

The undersigned, ladies of Burlington, who are charged with the arrangements for aiding the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union, "in the plan of purchasing, restoring and preserving the Mansion and Tomb of Washington," respectfully request you to deliver an Address, on the Character and Services of the "Father of his Country;" and, in explanation of the present effort, to honor his memory, at as early a time as may suit your convenience.

Mrs. C. Van Rensselaer,
Mrs. E. B. Grubb,
Mrs. S. C. Robardet,
Mrs. Abercrombie,
S. K. Doane,
Mrs. Engle,
Ann L. Kinsey,
Frances T. Jones,
Mrs. G. W. South,
Mrs. Lewis,
Mrs. F. Woolman,
Mrs. M. Allen,
Mrs. S. W. Stockton,
Mrs. E. S. Rodgers,
Mrs. J. H. Pugh,
Miss S. M. Milnor,
Mrs. N. E. Wright,
Mary W. Buckman,
Eliza West.

Burlington, February 8, 1859.

Bishop Doane,

Dear Sir:

In behalf of the citizens of Burlington, the undersigned cordially unite with the ladies, in requesting you to deliver an Address, on Washington, in furtherance of the object of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association."

Wm. R. Allen, *Mayor*,
C. Van Rensselaer,
Geo. W. South,
Franklin Woolman,
John Rodgers,
J. Howard Pugh,
Sam. R. Gummere,
Budd Sterling,
James Sterling,
C. Baquet.
A. W. Burns,
Edw. B. Grubb,
S. W. Stockton,
Franklin Gauntt,
J. Willis Nevins,
Thos. Milnor,
J. B. Roberts,
Noah E. Wright,
Chas. G. Milnor,
F. Engle.

Riverside, 16th February, 1859.

To the Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer,

My Dear Friend:

I have your note, of this date, with its two enclosures: from the Lady Managers of the Mount Vernon Fund; and from citizens of Burlington, headed by the Mayor.

I cordially consent to a request, so cordially expressed. The name of Washington; the auspices of such honorable women; the desire of so many of my friends, of five and twenty years—permit me to add—your own most generous agency: leave me with no alternative. It will afford me the very greatest pleasure, to meet my fellow citizens, so constant to me in their confidence and kindness, at the time and place proposed.

I am faithfully your friend,

G. W. Doane.

At the conclusion of Bishop Doane's Oration, the following resolutions were offered by A. W. Burns, Esq.; and seconded by John D. Moore, M. D.: and adopted, by acclamation.

Resolved, That the thanks of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," and the citizens of Burlington, be unanimously tendered to the Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D. LL.D., Bishop of New Jersey, for the able, classic, and eloquent Address, which he has just delivered upon the Life and Character of Washington.

Resolved, That the Bishop be respectfully requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication: and that the proceeds arising from the sale thereof, be placed in the hands of the Lady Manager of the "Mount Vernon Association," Mrs. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer; and applied to the purpose contemplated.

PLUTARCH could write his lives in parallels; an illustrious Greek, by the side of an illustrious Roman: Theseus, with Romulus; Pericles, with Fabius Maximus; Aristides, with Cato Major; Alexander, with Julius Cæsar. Where shall the future Plutarch find *his* parallel, whose birthday twins, with that of the Republic? Next to the Fourth day of July, scarcely below it, in the calendar of patriotism, stands the twenty-second day of February. The two, the Festivals of thirty millions of free men, already; to be, through all the ages, next to the sacred anniversaries, the holy days of human nature. Who shall deny the legend, which our Eagle bears, to-day: "ONE WORLD; ONE WASHINGTON!"

Nations are Trustees, for the names of their great men. It is a sacred, it is a solemn, trust. Shall I do wrong, to say, it is their most sacred, their most solemn, trust? God lent them, to their country, for a while.

He endowed them, with intellectual powers. He imbued them, with transcendent virtues. He made them, noblemen of truth. He set, upon their brow, the coronet of glory. He let them labor; let them suffer; let them be reviled: perhaps, He let them die, upon the scaffold; in the dungeon; on the battle field. Was it for one country? Was it for their own generation? Was it for a single age? No. They were monarchs of mankind. They were darlings of humanity. They were central stars, to light the world. And they are blazing on, and they will blaze on, to be the cynosure of unborn hearts; in nations, yet, undreamed of. Was Aristides just, for the Athenians, alone? Or, Cincinnatus, but, the patriot of Rome? Have I no share in Socrates? Are Alfred, Wallace, Tell, not ours? Were Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, not, for us? How beautiful it is, this Catholicity of greatness! The First Consul of France directed, that all the standards of the Republic should be hung, with crape: and issued the following order, to the Army: "Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will, always, be dear, to the French people: as it will be, to all free men of the two worlds." Lord Bridport, who commanded the British fleet, off Torbay, lowered his flag, half-mast; on hearing the intelligence. And the whole fleet, of sixty ships of the line, followed his example. And, but the other

day, some officers of our expedition, to Japan, under the command of the lamented Perry, were surprised to hear, from the official of a Loo Choo town, such words as these; "gentlemen, Doo Choo man, very small. American man, not very small. I have read of America, in books, of Washington. Very good man; very good." So true, it is, that great men are not their own. Are not their country's. Are not of their own time. They are the world's. They are humanity's. They are eternity's. They are God's. And, the nations, who have had the use of them, from God, are Trustees of their names; for Him, and for mankind.

If it be so, what a trust is ours: to whom God lent the foremost name, that inspiration has not consecrated; the name of Washington. "One Washington; one World!" In making this unqualified, uncompromising, challenge; Washington, against the world: I am not held to institute, in detail, the comparison, between his greatness and the greatness of the world's great men. The time would fail me, to attempt it; and, much more, your patience. And, then, it would be asking me to prove a negative; to show that this or that great man was not as great as he. Let me, rather, in such feeble measure, as I may, attempt to show, how great he was. It will be for him, who can, to find one greater; and, so, gainsay the legend of our glorious eagle: "One World; one Washington!"

And, here, the very difficulty, which meets us, at the

threshold, as to where we shall begin, is most conclusive of his greatness. In a triangle, a square, a polygon, there are starting points, for the delineation. The circle, the only perfect figure, has no beginning. No human eye can bear the full-orbed splendor of the solar light. Disintegrated, by the skill of Newton, the rays of the prismatic spectrum are as soft and lambent, as an infant's smile. There are other great men, of whom, the same is true. Shakspeare, pre-eminently. Whom would any body undertake to compare with Shakspeare? The ingenious Germans meet the case, by multiplication. They call him, "myriad-minded." Washington was not that. He was one-minded. The circle is the best exponent of his character. The simplest of all figures. Consisting of one line, only. And, yet, complete, and perfect. The only figure, which a single direction of the hand can form. The one, which is, always, the same: which, always, pleases: and, which, never, tires. It was finely said, of Shakspeare, by Doctor Samuel Johnson,

> "Each change of many-colored life, he drew:
> "Exhausted worlds; and, then, imagined new."

But, in all his dreamings, Shakspeare never dreamed of Washington. And, all the great men, of all his dramas, would not supply his greatness.

A very common measure of human greatness is the want of opportunity. To make a gold ring, from the ingot, is no great enterprise. To make it, without,

requires the Philosopher's stone. Washington's means of education were very limited. Till he was fourteen, his *Alma Mater* was "an old field school-house." His teacher, a tenant of his father, was the sexton of the parish. And, though he then went to a better school, it was only for two years. Before his sixteenth birth-day, he had done with schools. He was, what is called, "self-made." But, he was well made.

Early attainments and rapid progress are commonly considered marks of greatness. They are not, always. Early ripe is, often, early rotten. It was not so with Washington. During the three years, from his six-teenth, he was a commissioned Public Surveyor. At nineteen, he was appointed Military Inspector, with the rank of Major. At twenty, he was sent, by the Governor of Virginia, six hundred miles, through the Indian country, as a Commissioner, to confer with the Commander of the French forces; and inquire, by what authority, he presumed to invade the King's dominions, and what were his intentions: a service, difficult and full of danger; but, most successfully performed. At twenty-five, he was appointed to the chief command of the troops, to be sent out, by Governor Dinwiddie, against the French. When the number was increased three-fold, he was made second in command, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and, appointed Colonel of the Virginia regiment, when he was not yet twenty-three. This was not what we speak of, now, as

"Young America." The green wood, used for carved work. There was nothing "fast," in Washington. His was timber, seasoned, with sobriety, and self-denial; not without prayer. The Colonel of twenty-two, in the camp, at the Great Meadows, in the absence of a Chaplain, said prayers, before the regiment, himself. A beautiful sight, it must have been, "The youthful commander, presiding, with calm seriousness, over a motly assemblage, of half-equipped soldiery, leathern-clad hunters, and woodsmen, and painted savages, with their wives and children; and uniting them all, in solemn devotion, by his own example and demeanor."*

A year has passed. It is a morning, in July. The sun has not yet risen. The Monongahela gleams and glitters, in the early light; as it rolls, onward, through the open forest. Upon its Southern bank, an army is just forming. Every man is in uniform. The officers are in full dress. The sun gleams, from the burnished arms. Bayonets fixed, colours flying, drums beating, fifes playing: they descend the verdant slope; they ford the river; they wind along its bank. The Grenadiers' March is in their ears; and every heart keeps time, with it. It is the British army, under General Braddock, on their expedition against Fort Duquesne. He was a brave man, and an accomplished officer.

* Irving's Life.

But he was in a strange country. It was a new mode of warfare. He was ignorant of the Indian character. He would not listen to Washington, who perfectly understood it. It was, now, two o'clock. The army had marched, thus far, without interruption. But, hark, there is a heavy firing, in the front. There, is the fearful Indian yell. Every tree conceals a man. They are mowed down, by unseen rifles. Braddock is brave. His officers are brave. His men are brave. But, of what use is bravery, at such odds! They fall, by platoons. In the confusion, friend kills friend. The rear rank fires, upon the front. The Indian scalps the officer, whom his own men have shot. Braddock, himself, receives a fatal wound. It is a perfect rout. Baggage, stores, artillery, are left. Of eighty-six officers, twenty-six are killed; thirty-six are wounded. Of twelve hundred men, the killed and wounded are seven hundred. The young Virginia Colonel, in the meantime, was every where. Two horses were shot, under him. Four bullets passed through his coat. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Fifteen years, after that, an aged Indian Chief went, a long way, to see him. He told him, that, on Braddock's fatal field, he fired his rifle, at him, many times; and had directed his young braves to do the same. To their astonishment, without effect. He was convinced, that he must be under the special care of the Good Spirit; and they ceased to fire at him. He had

come to see the man, who could not die, in battle. Was he not shielded, by the panoply of prayer? Had not the angels charge over him, that no weapon should do him harm? In all the war, he never had a wound. In words, almost prophetic, the eloquent Samuel Davies, in a sermon, occasioned by Braddock's defeat, after praising the Virginia troops, for zeal and courage, went on to say, "As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out, to the public, that heroic youth, Colonel Washington; whom, I cannot but hope, Providence has, hitherto, preserved, in so signal a manner, for some important service, to his country."

It is now, 1774. The nineteen years from the battle of the Monongahela, have been passed, in domestic bliss, in his favorite pursuit of agriculture, and in public duty, military and civil. At his first appearance, in a civil capacity, as a member of the House of Burgesses, a beautiful scene occurred. "By a vote of the House, it had been determined to greet his instalment, by a signal testimonial of respect. Accordingly, as soon as he took his seat, Mr. Robison, the Speaker, in eloquent language, dictated by the warmth of private friendship, returned thanks, on behalf of the Colony, for the distinguished military services, he had rendered to his country. Washington rose to reply; blushed, stammered, trembled, and could not utter a word. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said the Speaker, with a smile; 'your modesty equals your

valor; and that surpasses the power of any language, I possess.'" The nineteen years, from 1755, had been most successfully employed, by the mother country, in alienating the affections of her American daughter. The people of the Colonies, goaded by the increasing pressure of injustice and oppression, were meditating independence. The first Continental Congress met, in Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774. Of this, Washington was a member. His position, there, is well stated, by Patrick Henry, the celebrated orator of freedom. Being asked, after his return, whom he thought the greatest man, in Congress, he replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator. But, if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is, unquestionably, the greatest man, on that floor." By the second Congress, which met in Philadelphia, on the 10th of May, 1775, the sword of liberty was drawn. Hostilities, indeed, had begun. Blood had been shed, at Lexington and Concord. The Continental army was organized, by Congress: and George Washington, of Virginia, on the suggestion of John Adams, of Massachusetts, was, unanimously, elected, Commander-in-chief. The manner of his acceptance was worthy of himself. Never, were modesty and generosity more beautifully illustrated. His modesty. "Lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remem-

bered, by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command, I am honored with." His generosity. "I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration would have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire." He did keep his account strictly; and that was all he received.

From the day, that he took command of the American army, at Cambridge, July 3, 1775, through the whole of that eight years' war, what was he not, to the great cause? It was a boastful saying of a Monarch of the French, "The State; it is myself!" But, every one must say, the War; it was Washington: the Country; it was Washington: Victory; it was Washington: Independence; it was Washington! It would have been a task, for more than any mortal, to wage successful war, between a Colonial government, in every way, distressed and destitute: and a vast empire; rich in resources, of all kinds; "a man of war, from" its "youth;" the mistress of the seas. How was the difficulty increased, when there were thirteen governments, to be reconciled; the central authority, with no power, but to recommend; and every form of local jealousy, added to all the hindrances, which fallen human nature

always offers, to every honorable cause. Yet, these discordant elements, he harmonized. These antagonistic forces, he reconciled. These prejudices, these jealousies, these hostilities, he removed, appeased, and pacified. He was the Sun of the whole System: about which, all revolved; and, by which, all were kept together. Is it not true, one Universe; one Sun? It is as true, "one World; one Washington!"

It was the winter of 1776. The very gloomiest period of the war. The British had possession of Rhode Island, Long Island, Staten Island, the city of New York, almost all the Jerseys; and were threatening Philadelphia. The army was weakened, by the discontent of the soldiery; by the foolish policy, persisted in, by Congress, of short enlistments; and by sickness. The Continent was discontented. The Congress was aroused. It met the case, as it only could be met. It made George Washington, Dictator. More than all armies, in that confidence: and, met, so modestly; so manfully. It is Christmas night. The Hessians are encamped, at Trenton. The American troops are at Taylorsville, at Bristol, and in Philadelphia. The weather is intensely cold. The Delaware, filled with floating ice, rolls, angrily, between them. But, something must be done. A night attack, by crossing the river, in three columns, is planned. The Northernmost is Washington's. The current is strong. The wind is high. The night is dark. It storms.

What anxious hours, he watched, upon the Jersey side, while the artillery was transported! The attack was meant to be, at midnight. Four precious hours are lost. The line of march is formed, in driving sleet. Two men are frozen to death. They have nine miles, to Trenton. They are there, at eight. The Hessians are surprised. They rally. But, in vain. Their General falls. One thousand prisoners are taken. The two lower columns of the army had failed to cross. It was the victory of Washington, alone. On the second of January, the British were, at Trenton, in great force. The Assanpink divided the two armies. A general fight, the next day, was inevitable. The American force was not sufficient, to sustain it. At midnight, while the camp-fires burn, to lull the enemy, they are off, to Princeton. Three regiments are there; to join Cornwallis, the next day, at Trenton. They are attacked, a little before sunrise; and defeated. One hundred killed. Three hundred prisoners. In every hottest portion of the fight, Washington is present. But, no bullet had, for him, a billet. The bravest are the safest, always. God, specially, takes care of them. These actions turned the scale. In three weeks, New Jersey was recovered. The country rallied. And liberty took heart. "Achievements, so astonishing," says Botta, an Italian writer, "gained, for the American Commander, a very great reputation: and were regarded, with wonder, by all nations; as well

as by the Americans. Every one applauded the prudence, the firmness, and the daring, of General Washington. All declared him the saviour of his country. All proclaimed him, equal to the most renowned commanders of antiquity; and especially distinguished him, by the name of the American Fabius. His name was in the mouths of all men; and celebrated by the pens of the most eminent writers. The greatest personages in Europe bestowed upon him praise and congratulations!" In 1781, the British forces were concentrated, in Virginia. Cornwallis establishes himself, at Yorktown. General Washington, with the Count de Rochambeau, hastens to the scene. In that journey, for the first time, in six years and a half, he visits his dear Mount Vernon. Yorktown is invested. The siege is pressed. Cornwallis surrenders. Washington is victorious. The war is ended. With what delight, he takes leave of the army; tenders his commission; and retires to private life! "At length," he writes, to La Fayette, "I am become a private citizen, on the banks of the Potomac; and, under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments." "I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself; and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction.

Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all. And, this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers." But, he was reckoning, without his host. The country, although free, was without a government. The Confederation was a rope of sand. Now, that the pressure of war was removed from it, it was crumbling. Something must be done: or the independence, so dearly bought, was lost. A Convention of delegates, from the several States, assembled, in Philadelphia, on the fourteenth of May, 1787. General Washington was, unanimously, elected President. It continued, in session, four months. The result of its labours was the Constitution of the United States. The foremost hand, to win the independence of the nation, was the foremost hand, to frame the means, for its perpetuity. But, one more honour, now, remained. The Constitution provided for a President. And George Washington was, unanimously, elected, President of the United States. He had refused to be a candidate, for that high office, as long as duty would permit. And, when he started, to encounter its responsibilities, it was with a sad and a heavy heart. "About ten o'clock," he says, in his diary, for April 16, 1789, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind, oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations, than I have words to express, set out for

New York: with the best disposition to render service to my country, in obedience to its call; but, with less hope of answering its expectations." By a beautiful act of piety, he premised his entrance, on the highest office in the world, by a visit to his venerable mother: then, eighty-two; and in the last year of her life. The Conqueror, the Statesman, the President, were melted, in the son: in the pressure of those loving hands; and under the warmth of that fond kiss.*

It was the 30th day of April, 1789. In all the churches in New York, there had been prayers, at nine o'clock. The blessing of God, on the new government, was solemnly invoked. It was, now, noon. The streets were all alive. The stream of life was rushing, towards the Federal Hall. All eyes are fixed, upon the balcony. At the moment, he appears. Tall, serene, majestic. His plain brown suit was of the manufacture of his country. The sword, of so much glory, was by his side: shall I not say, The sword of the Lord, and of Washington? The welkin rings, with one wide shout. He lays his hand upon his heart; bows to the people; and, then, sinks, exhausted, into a chair. The fearless

* Writing, to his sister, on the occasion of their mother's death, in August, of the same year, he said: "Awful and affecting as the death of a parent is, there is consolation, in knowing that Heaven has spared ours to an age, beyond which few attain; and favoured her with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties, and as much bodily strength as usually falls to the lot of fourscore. Under these considerations, and a hope that she is translated to a happier place: it is the duty of her relatives to yield due submission, to the decrees of the Creator."

soldier of the Monongahela, is a woman, in that presence. Then, only, is our nature perfected, when the strong man is blended, in it, with the loving woman. He rises. He advances, to the front. He is surrounded, by the chief officers of State. The Chancellor administers the oath. The hand of Washington is on the Bible; which the Secretary holds. He would have raised the sacred volume, to his lips. The President bows, lowly and reverently; and kisses it. Then, for the avalanche of voices. Then, for the roar of cannon. Then, for the clanging of the bells. He bows, again. He retires to the Senate Chamber; and delivers his inaugural address. And, then, he goes, on foot; with the whole assembly, to St. Paul's Chapel: where, prayers are said, by the Bishop of New York. The Virginia Colonel, who knelt, in that wild camp, at the Great Meadows, at twenty-two, among the soldiers and the Indians, kneels, now, at fifty-seven, the President of the United States. How sure, how beautiful, how blessed, are the returns of prayer! Of the services, which he rendered, in his double administration—constrained to the second, even more reluctantly than to the first*—how his wisdom, justice, patriotism, as

* "The confidence of the whole Union," wrote Jefferson, then, Secretary of State, "is centered in you. Your being at the helm is more than an answer to every argument, which can be used, to alarm and lead the people, on any question, into violence or surprise. North and South will hang together, if they have you to hang on." "I am perfectly aware of the oppression, under which your present office lays your mind; and of

Governor, distilled, in blessings, on the land, which, as warrior, he had saved; I need not tell you now. Are they not legible, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the prosperity and progress of the country. Do they not smile, in fields? Are they not vocal, in shops? Do they not tower, in spires? Do they not exult, in dancing ships; wherever ocean sends its waves? Are they not felt, in the hearts; shall they not be heard, from the tongues, of thirty millions of free men? Out of that chaos, "without form, and void," he was enabled, by God's grace, to bring this new and beautiful creation. For the logs of that old raft, the Confederation, scarcely kept together, by green withes, he launched, and set

the ardor with which you pant for domestic life. But, there is sometimes an eminence of character, on which society have such peculiar claims as to control the predilection of the individual for a peculiar walk of happiness; and to restrain him to that alone, arising from the present and future benedictions of mankind. This seems to be your condition, and the law imposed on you by Providence, in forming your character, and fashioning the events in which it was to operate; and it is to motives like these and not to personal anxieties of mine or others, who have no right to call on you for sacrifices, that I appeal from your former determination, and urge a revisal of it, on the ground of changes in the aspect of things!" Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, was equally decided. "It is clear, that if you continue in office, nothing materially mischievous is to be apprehended; if you yield, much is to be dreaded: that the same motives which induced you to accept originally, ought to decide you to continue till matters have assumed a more determinate aspect." "I trust, and pray God, that you will determine to make a further sacrifice of your tranquility and happiness, to the public good." Randolph, the Attorney General, wrote, with the same urgency. "The Constitution would never have been adopted, but from a knowledge that you had once sanctioned it, and an expectation that you would execute it. It is in a state of probation. The most unauspicious struggles are past. But the public deliberations need stability. You alone can give them stability."

before the wind, manned with brave men, the star-flag floating from the mast-head, that glorious ship of the line, the CONSTITUTIONAL REPUBLIC: in which, we and ours, to the remotest generation, are embarked—God help us!—for our weal, or for our wo.

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate.
We know what Master laid thy keel;
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast and sail and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat:
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped, the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock:
'Tis but the flapping of the sail;
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights, on the shore;
Sail on: nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee; are all with thee."

Washington was sixty-five years old, when he returned, from his eight years' administration, to the shades of Mount Vernon. Not without leaving, to the nation, the most precious legacy, short of inspired

wisdom, in his inimitable "Farewell Address." And it is delightful to see, how he came back, with the keenest relish, to the tastes and occupations of his earlier manhood. To a friend, he writes, a few weeks after his arrival, that his daily course began with the rising of the sun; when he, first, made preparations, for the business of the day. "By the time, I have accomplished these matters, breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse, and ride round my farms: which employs me till it is time to dress, for dinner. At which, I rarely miss to see strange faces; come, as they say, out of respect to me." "The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle-light." "I, then, retire to my writing-table; and acknowledge the letters, which I have received. Having given you this history of a day, it will do for a year." In this sweet, natural way, it was his happiness to live. He was the friend and adviser of the neighborhood. He was the Vestryman of two Churches. He was the zealous promoter of every form of internal improvement.* He was devoted, heart and hand, to education.† He was the most

* In July, 1783, in head-quarters, at New York, while waiting for the definitive treaty, he beguiled the time, and gratified a long cherished desire, by making a tour into Northern and Western New York. In a letter to the Chevalier de Chastellux, written from Princeton, after his return, he clearly advocated that great plan of internal improvements, by canal navigation, which has immortalized the name of De Witt Clinton; and given such wealth and power to the State, which he adorned.

† He had earnestly recommended plans for internal navigation, in

intelligent and enterprising agriculturalist. But, his chief delight was in his orchards and his gardens; with his trees and shrubbery. Laying out the walks, on his lawn; intermingling forest trees, evergreens and flowers; stocking his conservatories and green-houses: with pruning hook, in hand, all day. Even, here, he was pursued, by greatness. A war with France was threatened. Ten thousand men were ordered, as a provisional army. He, alone, was thought of, as Commander-in-chief. The language of President Adams, to him, in a letter, is: "We must have your name, if you will permit us to use it. There will be more efficacy in it, than in many an army." And there was. The French government abated their insolence. Overtures of peace were made, by them. The army never took the field. But, there is a Conqueror of all Conquerors. On Thursday, 12th December, 1799, he was exposed, in a storm of rain and sleet; whilst returning, on horseback, from his farms. A sore throat and hoarseness ensued. He neglected it. The next night, he had an ague. The severest form of

Virginia; which had proved very successful. The Potomac Company, and the James River Company complimented him with a gift of fifty shares, by the former, and one hundred, by the latter. He positively refused to receive them. Afterwards, he consented to receive them, as a trust, for beneficial objects; and gave them for the purposes of education: one hundred shares, to Washington College; and one hundred shares, for an University in the District of Columbia. The plan of a National University was very near his heart, In short, he was a zealous advocate for schools, and literary undertakings, of every kind.

quinsy set in. On the night of Saturday, December 14th, he breathed his last. Calm, composed, resigned. As beautiful, in the fortitude and resignation of his death; as he had been, in the fortitude and resignation of his life.

I need not specify the virtues of George Washington. His life was radiant with them. As a lady said, to me, the other day, "his greatness was in his goodness." Unselfishness, integrity, simplicity, sincerity, incorruptible faith, indomitable courage, unbounded generosity: these are a handful, only, of the full and golden sheaf. Hear, how he writes, from his head-quarters, at Cambridge, to his agent; managing his vast estates, throughout his absence of six years, by correspondence. "Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go hungry, away." Nor was he one of those, who think themselves quite good enough, without religion. A piece of verses, on Christmas Day, written at the age of thirteen, begins:

> "Assist me, muse divine, to sing the morn,
> On which, the Saviour of mankind was born."

In the absence of another, he was, from his first service, the Chaplain of his troops; and gathered them, for daily prayers. Vicious habits and profane swearing among the troops, were strictly forbidden, and severely punished. When the House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, set apart the first day of June, 1774,

as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, to implore the Divine interposition, against the calamities, threatened by the act of Parliament, in shutting up the port of Boston, the entry, in his Diary, is; "Went to Church: and fasted all day." He was most liberal, in his maintenance of the Church. Whether in private, or in public life, he was a constant worshipper. His Secretary, had seen him, more than once, kneeling, in private devotions, at morning and evening, in his library, with his Bible open, before him. He was a devout communicant. But had he no faults? Did he not die? Would he have died, if he had had no sin? Let them, that have none, cast a stone, at him! Was there no discord in these notes of universal praise? Yes: even Washington had revilers.* Infidels, Pharisees, Jacobins, Misanthropes. Thomas Paine, Callender, Citizen Genet. The men, whose blame is praise: whose censure is applause; whose condemnation is immortal glory. Mr. Jefferson, not partial, in his favor, wrote, of him, "His integrity was most pure; his justice, the most inflexible, I have ever known: no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or of hatred, being able

* How little he regarded them! "I have long since resolved," said he, writing to the Governor of Maryland, "for the present time, at least, to let my calumniators proceed, without any notice being taken of their invectives, by myself, or by any others, with my participation or knowledge. Their views, I dare say, are readily perceived, by the enlightened and well disposed part of the community; and by the records of my administration, and not by the voice of faction, I expect to be acquitted or condemned, hereafter."

to bias his decision."* He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise,† a good, and a great man. Mr.

* "No part of the President's duties," says Sparks, in his admirable life, "gave him more anxiety than that of distributing the offices, in his gift." "He early prescribed to himself, however, a rule, from which he never swerved; which was, to give no pledges or encouragement, to any applicant. He answered them all, civilly. But, avowed his determination to suspend a decision, till the time of making the appointment should arrive; and then, without favor, or bias, to select such individuals, as, in his judgment, were best qualified to execute, with faithfulness and ability, the trust reposed, in them. 'From the moment,' he writes, to a friend, 'when the necessity had become apparent, and, as it were, inevitable, I anticipated, with a heart filled with distress, the ten thousand embarrassments, perplexities, troubles, to which I must again be exposed, in the evening of a life, already nearly consumed in public cares. Among all these anxieties, I will not conceal from you, I anticipated none greater than those that were likely to be produced by applications for appointments to the different offices, which would be created, under the new government. Nor will I conceal that my apprehensions have already been but too well justified. Should it be my lot, again, to go into office, I would go without being under any possible engagements, of any nature whatsoever.' 'So far as I know my own heart, I would not be in the remotest degree, influenced in making nominations, by motives arising from the ties of family or blood. And, on the other hand, three things, in my opinion, ought principally to be regarded: namely, the fitness of character to all offices; the comparative claims, from the former merits and sufferings in service of the different candidates; and the distribution of appointments, in as equal a proportion as might be, to persons belonging to the different States in the Union.'"

† A single sample of his *heart*-wisdom must not be withheld. His kinsman and agent, Lund Washington, had intimated the probability, that Mrs. Custis was about to enter into a second marriage. She had given him no hint of her intention. "For my own part," he writes, from Rocky Hill, near Princeton, 20th September, 1783. "I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman, who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage. First, because I never could advise one to marry, without her own consent; and, secondly, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain, when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion, or requires advice, on such an occasion, till her resolution is formed. And, then, it is with the hope of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation, that she

Fox said of him, in the British Parliament, "Illustrious man, deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation, than the dignity of his mind. For him, it has been reserved, to run the race of glory, without experiencing the smallest interruption, to the brilliancy of his course." Lord Erskine wrote to him, in 1795, "Sir, I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and venerated name, in a short sentence; which will be found in the book, I send you. I have a large acquaintance, among the most valuable and exalted classes of men. But you are the only human being, for whom, I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God, to grant a long and serene evening, to a life, so gloriously devoted, to the universal happiness of the world." Chief Justice Marshall, in announcing his death, in the House of Representatives, said, "Our Washington is no more. The hero, the patriot and the sage, of America; the man, on whom, in times of danger, every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives, now, only in his great actions; and in the hearts of an affectionate and an afflicted people." "More than any other individual, and as much as, to one individual, was possible, has he contributed to found this, our wide-spreading, empire; and to give to the Western world

applies. In a word, the plain English of the application may be summed up, in these words: 'I wish you to think as I do; but if, unhappily, you differ from me in opinion, my mind, I must confess, is fixed, and I have gone too far, *now* to retreat.'"

independence and freedom." But, the noblest eulogy, that was ever uttered, and in the very fewest words, was the third of the resolutions, offered by Chief Justice Marshall, and drawn up by General Henry Lee: "Resolved, that a Committee be appointed to consider, on the most suitable manner, of paying honor to the memory of the man; first, in war, first, in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

And, now, is not my case made out? Can any Plutarch find a parallel, for him? Will any bird, of any kind, take up the challenge of our eagle, "One World, one Washington?" If it be so, and if nations be trustees for the names of their great men, what a trust my fellow-citizens, is ours! How should his name be embalmed, in all our hearts! How should his name be a household word, on the lips of all our children! How should his name be inscribed on every poll; to fix the eye, and fill the heart, of every voter! How, should his name pervade our halls of Legislature; pervade our public offices; pervade the Presidential mansion; pervade the august and glorious Capitol! How it should rebuke selfishness! How it should rebuke unfaithfulness! How it should rebuke corruption! How it should vindicate the truth; and elevate the law; and justify the government; and glorify the nation! Beautiful it is, that the Metropolis of the great American confederacy, of which he was founder, bears his immortal name. Tender and touching, it is, that that serene,

majestic, face, goes every where, from every hand, to every heart; the passport of affection, in every house, through every land.* Let there be one more testimonial, the most affecting, the most impressive, of them all. When Nelson, on the eve of triumph, flung, from the mast-head, that immortal signal, "Westminster Abbey, or Victory!" he appealed to the deep sanctities of every heart. Let our Westminster be Mount Vernon! Let the home of Washington be their homestead, who are his only children. Let the tomb of Washington be the shrine of patriotism, forever; and, let his sacred ashes forever rest, by the sweet gliding of his own Potomac; cherished by the hearts, and guarded by the hands, of increasing millions of freemen.

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder:
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand;
And repulse with his breast, the assaults of the thunder.
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard, would leap;
And conduct, with its point, every flash, to the deep.
For, ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves."

* How I felt this, with every letter, that came to me, abroad!

Mrs. Van Rensselaer;

Lady Managers of the Mount Vernon Association, in Burlington;

Mr. Mayor;

My Fellow Citizens;

You have listened to me, patiently, too long. A few words, more. The ashes of Washington should not belong to any individual. They are the jewelry of the Republic. *En mea ornamenta!* The tomb of Washington should not be in possession of the government. He was not the father of the Senate, nor of the House of Representatives. He was *Pater Patriæ*. He is our father. The home of Washington should not be held by any special corporation. It is the homestead of the nation. It is the hearthstone of America. It should belong to us, and to our heirs, forever. But, how shall this be brought about? Who will redeem that sacred dust? Who will garnish that beloved sepulchre? Who will keep up that hospitable home? These women and their associates: the mothers of our children; the sisters of our love; the daughters of our hearts. Beautiful thought, that the sex, to which we owe our mothers, should be the guardians of the ashes of our father. That the women of America, should more than reproduce the Roman daughter, in her filial piety and love. And, they *will* do it. Nay, *have* done it; by the very will, to do it. When did a woman ever

fail, in what her love resolved on? Who were behind her, at the Cross? Who were before her, at the grave? Noble and generous women! Into your hands, we commit those venerable shades. Into your hands, we commit that honorable sepulchre. Into your hands, we commit that blessed dust. To you, and to your daughters, and to your daughters' daughters, in a line, forever. Thither, the mothers of America, in all the ages of the world, shall bring their infant sons. They shall tell them, "our mothers left us this dear home; a heritage, for ever!" They shall repeat his story. They shall relate his services. They shall recount his virtues. They shall syllable his glorious and immortal name. The eye shall kindle, at the sound. The lip shall quiver, at the thought. The heart shall leap, at the remembrance. And, from that sepulchre, there shall go out, a line of patriot-heroes; that shall perpetuate the virtues, while they immortalize the name, of Washington. Shades of our fathers, mothers of our children, shall it not be so? By those, at Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, it shall be! May He, who gave us Washington, make us all worthy of the gift; preserve his sepulchre, a light-house, for the oppressed, in every land; and make his name the lode-star of the patriot, till time shall cease to be!

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